

# THE QUIVER

— Saturday, August 15, 1868. —



(Drawn by G. J. PINWELL.)

"There was hardly a patch that had not its associations."—p. 755.

## THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."

"SO this is the house that Jack built?" said I, meditatively, as I paused and looked at it from the gate.

Jack had early developed an original character.

At three years old, he was seen hard at work in his little garden, and, being asked what he was about, replied, he was digging a pit-hole to bury his aunt. Whether this was with malicious and

murderous intent, or from simple imitateness of the sexton, did not appear; but, probably, the latter.

His next memorable *not* was more consistent with our usual ideas of benevolence. Hearing his grandfather lament that he was going to be turned out of his house, "Never mind, grandpapa," said he, "I'll build a house with a room for you in it."

"Oh, indeed," said his grandfather, stroking his head, and chuckling; "I hope I may be able to wait for it."

Thenceforth Jack's house became a frequent source of family wit. "Oh, that will be when Jack's house is built!" was tantamount to saying, "When to-morrow comes," or "when the sky falls in," or "when it rains cats and dogs and pitchforks."

The aunt for whose demise Jack had so considerably prepared, had a little girl named Frances, a few years his junior; and these two were great confidants and confederates. Seeing her busily engaged in manufacturing a patchwork quilt, he told her that if she was a good girl, and looked sharp, maybe it would be finished in time for his new house. Frances devoutly believed in this house; and, many a time, sitting side by side on the grass, or on the hearthrug, with their heads close together, did they confabulate on how many rooms it should have, what the furniture should be, and what the style of housekeeping. Puddings every day seemed to be the principal item.

One day Jack found Frances with her dewy eyes surcharged with tears, over a half-sheet of paper, which, to keep her quiet, had been given her to write a letter. She neither knew how to write or to spell: Jack had attained a little proficiency in both; so, with his right arm round her neck, and his right hand guiding her fat little fingers, while his left steadied the paper, he helped her to complete an epistle of two or three lines; and a pretty picture they would have made at it.

At an early age Jack was transferred from the dame-school to the grammar-school, where, in due course, such were his abilities and good behaviour, that he became head-boy. His master, with whom he was a favourite, taught him not only the rudimentary branches of education, but drawing, snapping, trigonometry, and land-surveying. His father being a builder of good repute, these acquirements promised to be very useful to him; and he went through the Latin Grammar too.

Frances now saw much less of Jack, and their relations were less confidential, for he had grown fonder of boys than of girls, and was addicted to rough games; but she kept on at her counterpane. One day Jack saw her at it, and said—

"That's for my house, isn't it?"

"Yes, if you like," said Frances. "I thought you'd forgotten all about it."

"Oh, no; only I don't talk about things. The boys would laugh at me."

"Am I to live with you?" said Frances, timidly.

"Yes, to be sure. That is, if my aunt will let you. But, perhaps, she won't."

"I wonder if she will," said Frances, pensively. Then she asked him to make her a new pattern of a hexagon, because the old one was worn out; and he got his compasses and a card, and did it in superior style.

To her great regret, she soon had to remove with her mother into a new neighbourhood, a few miles off; and strong was the pang to her young heart when she had to say "good-bye" to Jack. For his part, he was jolly; but seeing her cast a wistful look back at him, like a young Chryseis, he bawled out, "Keep on at the counterpane," which much consoled her.

They saw no more of each other for many months, and meanwhile Jack grew into quite a big boy, and was very helpful to his father. When they met at Christmas, Frances sidled up to him, hoping for a renewal of the old *entente cordiale*. She found at once that he now considered himself all but a man, and her but a child. He was even so derogatory as to give her a little chuck under the chin, saying, "Well, old woman, how are you?" and turned away without waiting for an answer.

Frances's mild nature was outraged; I will not say she resolved to pay him out some future day, for she was too guileless and forgiving to be capable of such a thought; but she was wounded, for she knew she was neither old nor a woman, and that before she could be an old woman, she would be a young one; and she felt it was no matter to Jack whether she were an old woman or not. So there was a certain distance between them: she never so much as named counterpane or house; and as for Jack, his great passion now was for reading such books as "Self-Help," "Lives of Engineers," "Library of Entertaining Knowledge," and "Robinson Crusoe." He read the grammar-school master's library through and through, and invested every spare shilling in cheap editions of popular classics in wretchedly small print.

Eighteen months passed, and effected considerable difference in both. John had grown tall, and broad, and stout, and strong, was a valuable help to his father, and cared very little for womankind. Frances had sprung up into an exceedingly pretty girl, and, having spent some time with a cousin who was a dressmaker, knew all about the fashions, carried herself well, and was more self-possessed. When she and Jack next met, and he was struck dumb by her altered appearance, it was she who began the attack; by crying, gaily—

"Well, Jack, what about the house?"

"Oh," said he, in some confusion, "I'd forgotten all about it. I've other things to think of now."

"Yes, and so have I," said she, alertly. "But she collected patches, all the same, of her female acquaintance, whenever opportunity offered."

"How much less you talk, Jack," said she, "than you used to do!"

"I'll tell you what it is, Fan," said he; "I'm unsettled about my future course. My father wants me to be his partner some of these days, and I know it would be a very good thing for me; but I want to see a little of life first."

"I'm sorry you are going to be unsteady," said Frances.

"There you go now," said Jack, "just like a woman. Flying off at a tangent, with only half an idea in your head. I'm not going to be unsteady; I like sticking to business, but I don't want to be always in one groove, as my father and grandfather have been. I should like to look at the trade in other places—"

"Other parts of England?"

"Ay, and abroad. Now, Frances, why should you be ready to cry? I should come to no harm; it would do me good, if my father would let me try it."

"You won't go without his leave?"

"I hope I know my duty better. So don't look dismal about it."

There was a very good opening in Australia just then, which Jack had heard talked of, and this it principally was which had unsettled him. He was becoming restless and discontented, when something happened which was a great blow to the whole family.

The timber-yard caught fire one windy night, and there being a scarcity of water, and the nearest fire-engine being out of order, not only all the timber was burned, but the house caught fire too, and the family escaped with little but their lives. Jack's father was a ruined man, for he was not insured, and nearly all his substance was gone. The shock was so great to Jack's mother—whom he carried from her bed in his arms, wrapped in a blanket—that she hardly seemed likely to live. Things were as bad as they well could be; but relations and friends came forward to help them in their distress, and though their help was not great, their sympathy was most acceptable. One offered them shelter till they could see their way a little; others advanced small sums of money; Jack's father was energetic, and sure he should by degrees be again able to support himself. Meantime, it was decided that Jack could not do better than go to Australia; and thus the desire of his heart was accomplished with his parents' full con-

currence, instead of in defiance of their wishes. What a good thing he waited for it!

Some years passed. Jack thrived, and sent home money. Meanwhile Frances lost her mother, and went to live with an uncle in the seafaring line. The poor girl was not very happy. She had no one near her to sympathise with her much—most of her time was passed quite alone—she never heard anything of Jack. Now and then the fancy would take her to spread the patchwork counterpane on her bed and muse over it—there was hardly a patch that had not its associations, sweet or bitter.

"Fan, when do you mean to marry?"

"When my counterpane is finished, uncle," she would say; but she took care not to finish it, any more than Penelope would finish her web.

"Fan, you'll die an old maid, if you snub all the young fellows so."

"I shan't mind. I prefer being with you."

She had quite made up her mind that Jack must by this time have found himself a wife, and had settled down for good in Australia, and she felt sad and forsaken; but she did not blame him, neither would she forget him.

One stormy January—we generally have storms in January—there was an unusually heavy gale, which caused lamentable shipwrecks and disasters at sea. All the people of the fishing village where Frances lived were out on the cliffs or on the sands, to render assistance if they could to a large ship which drove ashore at the mouth of the bay. Some sailors escaping from the wreck in their boat, had nearly landed, when it capsized, and they were all carried out to sea by a receding wave. Every one was immediately engaged in succouring those who could swim. Not only were heroic deeds done by the mariners, but their good clergyman caused a rope and lantern to be fastened round his waist, and had himself let down the face of a sheer precipice, and by his exertions saved fourteen lives.

The women were not behindhand. One old woman, whose husband was old and past work, but who had gone out that night as pilot to the wrecked ship and been drowned, received into her house, at the very time this sad news was brought her, five shipwrecked sailors, whom she clothed and fed.

Frances, whose bonnet had been blown away, leaving her long, fair hair streaming in the wind, flew to help some other women who, with a rope and lantern, were pulling one of the shipwrecked crew up the rocks. They succeeded; the poor, drenched fellow, his clothes torn to ribbons, was safely raised and set on his feet. He staggered, and looked around, bewildered. Frances gave a scream of joy. "Oh, Jack! is it you!" she exclaimed.

Jack caught her in his arms, thereby wetting her all through, and eagerly kissed her. "To think of your saving me, Fan!" said he. She did not try to save any more after drawing that prize; there were plenty of assistants left to look after the others. Sobbing and laughing, she led him home to her uncle's, made a rousing fire, supplied him with dry clothes to put on while she made him something hot; and, by the time her uncle returned, they were seated by the fire, happier than they had ever yet been in their lives.

Jack had been true to her all along—his affections had never wavered; but he thought it no good to speak or to write about it while he had his fortune to make. He had made it, now—which is to say, he had realised enough to make a new start in business at home, in the old style, with a house and wife of his own.

"As to waiting till I'd got enough to keep my carriage and live like a lord," said he, "I had no notion of doing that. What should you and I do in a carriage? We would much rather go on foot. And if I had waited to double my earnings, who knows but what you would have married, meantime?—there would have been a pretty job!"

"No, Jack, there was no danger of that."

Her uncle took his pipe from his mouth for a moment, and said to Jack, with an expressive look, "It's not been for want of asking. She'd have nothing to say to 'em—leastways, till she'd finished her counterpane, which she's took good care never to finish."

Next day, Jack hurried off to see his father, who

had safely received all his remittances, and banked them. How joyful the meeting was, need not be said. Jack was no prodigal son, who had wasted his substance with riotous living, but a real good son, who had lain hard, fared hard, and worked hard for his father, as much as for himself. The foundations of a new business, much on the scale of the old one, were soon and prosperously laid, and Jack, in the very first instance, told his father that he was engaged to marry Frances—the dear, good girl who had waited for him all these long years, and pulled him up the cliff with a rope. Every one thought it just and fitting, and the very least that he could do; so there was nobody to forbid the banns.

Thirdly, Jack accomplished the early wish of his heart, which had accompanied him through life: he built himself a house. "How often," said he, "when camping out in the bush with no bed, no food, no water, no tobacco, have I lain on the hard ground, with a little hollow scooped out for my hips, and diverted myself all night by planning my house, even to the minutest details, till I felt neither hunger nor thirst, nor cold nor sorrow! The fancy sketch would not have been complete, without the 'maiden all forlorn' yonder, to take the head of the establishment."

I burst out laughing, for Mrs. Jack was as unlike a forlorn specimen of womanhood as could possibly be imagined; and she laughed too, and looked prettier than ever. They took me all over the house that Jack built, which certainly was the completest thing of the kind I ever knew.

## A WORD UPON SLIPPERY PLACES.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.

**S**LIDES on the pavement may be exceedingly amusing to the juvenile community, but they are intensely annoying to ordinary wayfarers. To fall on your back with a sharp smack, to lose your hat and your spectacles, to afford amusement to the bystanders, and to have that momentary flash of sparks in your eyes, which is the accompaniment of a sudden crack on the skull—all this is more than unpleasant: it is dangerous. But far away up the pass of the "Mer de Glace," whilst, in a more dignified sense, walking on ice, you have a danger of another kind—one which, whilst it braces your nerves, and keeps alive all your faculties, has death lurking behind it—death, grim, cold, and awful! Bodies sleep now in silent places, the white snow their shroud, and the descending avalanche the covering of the graves of travellers lost on the ice.

Very often has Alpine climbing been made use

of as a symbol of the Christian's pilgrimage. The Christian wayfarer always walks on ice, and has need evermore to use with frequency and fervency that beautiful prayer, "Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not." Most difficult is it to preserve our foothold, and, as the apostle says, "having done all, to stand." Paul had seen so many fractured souls, so many dashed to pieces on the slopes of self-indulgence, that he looked upon the persistent course of a finished Christian life with thanksgiving and joy.

He who walks on ice should ever walk circumspectly—should remember that up the mountain-steep of his pilgrimage there are very many concealed crevasses, where others have fallen and perished. This life ascent onward and upward, so full of dangers, is apt to be entered on carelessly, because it is sometimes supposed to be an easy thing to be a Christian. There are those who, instead of stimulating to watchfulness and prayer,



rather hush anxiety by injecting into other minds the notion that safety is secured apart from personal endeavours after the Divine life. Just as if the mariner letting the vessel drift whither the winds and tides bore her, might feel assured of safely reaching the port at last; and just as if the guides carried men up the Alps, instead of being the leaders who it is the travellers' painstaking duty to follow. Christ, who is "the way, the truth, and the life," has left us an example that we should follow in his steps. Thus it is that God will bless our endeavours, but not our idleness. The toil of the upward pilgrimage must not be eased, inasmuch as we are made perfect through trials and sufferings.

Slight trips are dangerous in this slippery way; the downward path is so easy for us all. The first thing for every traveller to do, is to bind the strong cord of Divine truth about his loins—to ask the great Leader of souls to hold him up, and keep him safe, so that he may be able to say: "When my foot well-nigh slipped, thy mercy, O Lord, held me up."

Accumulative evidence is to be found in the memoranda of every man's experience, that the path of human life is very dangerous. The Bible, in warning us of the slippery places, has its handmaid in human experience. We have all seen many maimed, and some destroyed, on the slippery slopes of pride, vanity, covetousness, sensuality, and vice. The young Christian, like the venturesome mountain-climber in early ages, has sometimes too much enthusiasm patiently to learn; but a little more experience will show that the utmost vigilance is necessary to preserve the soul from the perils of temptation.

He who watches a fleet of vessels put out to sea, may well wonder how many will reach the desired haven safely. He who watches the exploring expedition—whether it be McClintock by sea, or Livingstone by land—may well wonder whether they will attain the wished-for end; and he who watches the beautiful beginnings of the Divine life in the young, may well wonder how many will endure unto the end.

Though the whole of our path to heaven is slippery, it is abundantly evident that some places are more slippery than others; and it may be well to keep our attention on some of these.

Slippery places are our successful places. Adversity makes us wary and watchful. We keep our eye open for the rocks and breakers in the storm. We store our bag with precepts and promises, and toil diligently with the staff up the rugged way. The rain is heavy, the heavens are black, and friends are few—we then depend on God—we then are instant in prayer. But success means a clear day, a crisp air, and a bright sky; with the life-blood bounding instead of crawling through

our veins. Prosperity banishes despondency, and often blinds us to duty. We try to do without God! He is not in all our thoughts. Less anxiety makes us feel less dependent; less fear makes us less watchful. We are cheerful, and self-reliant; and the toilers up the hill behind us, hear the merry echoes which accompany our joyous march. We get a check now and then, however; for as we read God's Word, we see two vultures seated on the dead body of Demas, who fell just here, "having loved the present world."

If God grants our requests, satisfies our desires, fills the basket of our plenty, and withholds no good, then we should beware lest we forget God. We cannot pass over those remarkable words—"They soon forgot his works; they waited not for his counsel, but lusted exceedingly in the wilderness, and tempted God in the desert; and he gave them their request, but sent leanness into their soul." How memorable, too, those other words, needful to be pondered by the generation in which luxury so much abides: "Lest when thou hast eaten and art full, and hast built goodly houses, and dwelt therein; and when thy herds and thy flocks multiply, and thy silver and thy gold is multiplied, and all that thou hast is multiplied; then thine heart be lifted up, and thou forget the Lord thy God." Of all slippery places, the glib, smooth path of prosperity is perhaps the most slippery of all.

Slippery places are storm-swept places. See how careful the guides are where the black ice is smooth as ebony, now that the rapid storm has swept all impediments from its glassy surface. What a type of life! When the storm of bereavement, or sorrow, or sickness, or poverty, has swept over us, and we emerge into new health, new fortune, and new relationships of duty, then what a reaction too often occurs in our religious history! It is common, indeed, to think that such passages of personal history must purify us; but how often fresh mercies are seized upon with the avidity of a returning opportunity, in which we forget the dim chamber, and the doubtful question of recovery, and the mystic voices of memory, and the dull, leaden roar of the breakers on the shore of the eternal world, by which our barque veered so closely that the keel almost grated on the sands! The after-time of affliction is full of temptations to renewed indulgences—to the over-zealous pursuit and enjoyment of earthly things; and so slippery is it, that when tribulation has passed away, we need especial watchfulness and prayer.

Slippery places are smooth-trodden places. That path is the smoothest which is the most trodden by the multitude. I do not say that there are not many specific dangers incident to solitude, for when we are alone the world may be

shut in with us. The hermitage may contain a heart that is no hermit, but that treads all the forbidden paths of unhallowed thought and desire. Still, there can be no doubt of the exceeding great danger of following a multitude to do evil. Men will cheat, and equivocate, and lie in companies, when they would tremble to do it in their individual capacity. And men will enter upon courses of profligacy in parties, when they would find conscience too much for them if they attempted the course alone. The broad way is a very slippery way; many there be that go in thereat. We have, indeed, such confidence in ourselves that we reason thus: I can go with others without being like others; have I no individuality, no personal power of self-command and self-restraint? Can I not see the dancers in the town of Vanity Fair without becoming giddy with delight?

There is a kind of bumptiousness in morals as well as in other spheres, and there is no question but that many have fallen into gross sin through an overweening self-conceit of their own powers of resistance. If temptation fell upon us as sparks on the sea; or if we could say, "The prince of this world cometh, and hath *nothing in me*," then the matter would assume a different shape; but, as it is, we need all of us to guard against a haughty spirit of confidence in ourselves.

The path of flattery is a slippery path, and, walking with the multitude, there will be found plenty to whisper to this weak side of our hearts. The path of genius is a slippery path, especially if there are voices tempting us to cease from labour and from care. The path of acknowledged reputation is a slippery path; and if we are publicly complimented on our virtues or our gifts, our very graces will soon become our worst snares. The path of common indulgence is a slippery path. We see multitudes giving little heed in their enjoyments to self-restraint; and it is possible to drain the chalice of pleasure with others before we awake to the danger which lurks in the intoxicating draught. To follow a multitude in dress, demeanour, and pleasure, is dangerous in the extreme.

Yes, the grand old Book warns us that to walk in the counsel of the ungodly, to sit in the seat of the scornful, or to stand in the way of sinners, is to tread on ice so slippery, that our moral downfall is only a question of time! Companionship is good, but it should consist in friendship with the devout and earnest—then it is

valuable in the extreme; for the cord which has sustained many souls in the Alpine journey has been the tie which held them to some godly companionship. Yes, such friendships are helpful in the best sense, and they are always to be made in the selecter circles of the self-denying and the devout. The popular path is often one of noisy, talkative, frivolous life, where God is forgotten, and where the senses are the lords of life. Such paths are slippery paths indeed.

Be it remembered that we have none of us immunity from temptation and trial. It is blessed to endure it, far more so than to escape it. Slippery paths may be safe paths to us all. The path of prayer makes them the paths of safety. Nothing binds wool round the feet like prayer. We are never so shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace as when our lives are sanctified by the hallowed influence of devotion. Prayer preserves us from little slips in our conversation, as well as greater delinquencies in our conduct. The path of obedience is also the path of safety.

Some men try to ascend the Alps by opposite sides, and some by short cuts of their own. Thus men try to achieve success in religion, and essay to get to heaven in their own way. There is but one way, and but one guide; and beginning at the cross for pardon, we must take Christ's life for our imitation all through. If we take the foot-prints he has left in the difficult passes of temptation, we shall never go far wrong.

The path of revealed truth is also the path of safety. In these days, when men are seeking to find, in a philosophical sense, a kind of self-redemption—when the intuitional philosophy is leading men to look to the soul within rather than the Saviour without, it is surely high time to awake out of such mystic sleep, and to remember that it is the hiding of *God's Word* in our heart which neutralises temptation, and saves us from the fascination and force of sin.

Such are some of the slippery places of life, and such some of the safe ways of escaping danger in them. It will be a blessed thing to get safely home at last, to find no avalanches above us, no ice beneath us, no toilsome ascent, or dangerous pass, or hidden crevasse before us. Safe at home!—what music is there in the sound! And surely there is no sweeter picture of the better land than that which is suggested to us by the soldier laying down his arms, and the traveller putting away his alpenstock and his knapsack, for ever and for evermore!

## HOLIDAYS.

BY THE REV. JAMES A. CARR.

**S**HORTLY the subject of holidays will be agitating the whole community. Houses of Parliament shall have broken up, courts of law shall have closed, blinds shall have been drawn down in city houses, because their inmates are off for the holidays! Country houses, with smooth-shaven lawns, will receive some; others will be drawing in draughts of reviving oxygen by the breezy sea-side.

The most exalted personages will have thrown off their importance and reserve. An archbishop will be discovered, with wide-awake and loose necktie, on the Splügen; a lord chancellor will be seen climbing Mont Blanc, alpenstock in hand and a green shade over his eyes: all the world will be off for its holiday.

There are few, we trust, who are pent up all the year round, and who see little of nature save the strip of blue sky that roofs the narrow streets whose very stones they are well acquainted with, who are not able to get away somewhere in the holiday season—to the sea-side and homely pleasures of Ramsgate or Hastings, to the downs of Devonshire, the purple hills of Scotland, or across the Channel to the romantic lakes of the Emerald Isle, should their purse or their ambition fail to carry them farther—to Alpine valleys, the art-treasures of Rome, or the sunny haunts of Naples.

We do from our very hearts sympathise with those whose peculiar circumstances preclude them from taking such a holiday at some period of the year; who are not able to get away from close atmospheres, dusty purlieus, weary miles of bricks and mortar,—away to the fresh flowers and fields, to meandering streams, to the sea-side, with its bright waves running in over the golden sands. We hope, for the sake of our common humanity, for the sake of the innocent and pure joys that such rambles entail, that the number of those who know not what a holiday means, is very small indeed. We are aware there are some curiously-endowed creatures who care nothing for a holiday; whose monotonous life to them is a very pleasant one, spent between their ingle-nooks—nests, it may be, built in the narrowest and dingiest of London streets—and their places of business; whose only exercise, from one end of the year to the other, is the mechanical walk to and from these places. May there be no shades of children, waking the echoes of such homes with their inconstant laughter—children who never look upon a daisy or a buttercup, who never ask, "What are the wild waves saying?" May such homes be

devoted to old bachelors, with their easy chairs, slippers, and pipe, and we leave them to enjoy their holiday after their own fashion.

In prospect of our holiday-time, we would say the first thing is to *deserve* it. We shall enjoy our recreation doubly if we feel that we have earned it, and thus enter upon it with a good conscience. Hard work for eleven months will make the twelfth doubly dear as a holiday. The very thought that we have worked so hard will enhance our enjoyment, as, free from all care, we are climbing the heathery mountains of Scotland, or making our way across the Grinsel.

Secondly, we should say *enjoy it*. Let us enter upon it as a piece of business. Let us pack carefully, discarding the useless, and encumbering ourselves only with what we feel to be absolutely necessary. Let there be no starting in a hurry; let us calmly and wisely consider beforehand what our plans are, and having made them, let us stick to them. No small part of the pleasure of holidays is the anticipation of them; the marking out of the tour on the map, the consulting with our friends as to the best route, best hotels, best guides, &c. Long winter nights may be thus pleasantly diversified by chats at the fireside anent the summer or autumn tour.

And when actually off, we should seek for a thorough unbending. No cares of business should follow us; all that is to be settled beforehand, and "black care" left behind. We should determine also to make the best of any little mishap, any misadventure that may befall us during our holiday. Let there be good humour throughout. Wet days will come; guides will disappoint; an extortionate bill will be presented here and there. These are some of the unavoidable accompaniments of a holiday tramp, and provision should be made to meet them. A pleasant book stowed away in the knapsack will often while away the tedium of a rainy day; or such a day may be devoted to notes in the journal, or to the preservation of botanical specimens, the arranging of fossils, rocks, &c., should our taste lie in that direction. As to bills, most travellers can guess pretty well what their expenses will be, according to the character of the establishments where they put up. Now and then we may fall into the hands of the Philistines; but a little arrangement beforehand will frequently enable us to avoid such unpleasantnesses.

We shall enjoy our holiday all the more if we feel we have been the means of giving a holiday to others. By all means let employers strive to give their servants and dependants a run some-

where. It will make their own holiday all the sweeter, to know that Jones has taken his family to Brighton for three weeks; that Smith has gone down to visit his friends in Yorkshire; and *they* will be all the better servants for the favour. It is a great mistake to spur the willing horse to death. It is a true proverb, that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

What shall we say of the married man who is content to leave his wife and little ones *at home*, while he goes off alone to amuse himself? How can he feel happy in the midst of Switzerland, or in the wilds of Norway, when he thinks of the little pale faces peering through the dusty panes; or the mother, with all her household cares upon her, enduring the monotony of the hours? Better far to take a holiday nearer home, engage lodgings at some second-rate watering-place, if needs be, and see the children "playing on the shore," happy and gleeful, as they make sand pies, and the mother recovering her bright smile, as she watches them from some shady nook, her heart glad in their gladness.

The third rule we would lay down for our holidays is this—*profit* by them. Do not strive to do too much. Let the *body* profit. Remember it is recreation you are seeking. The bow is to be thoroughly unbent. It is a great mistake that many persons make of determining to see everything—to do everything. What a miserable word is this "*do*," in this sense! "We *did* Mont Blanc; we *did* the Rhine." "We did the three lakes yesterday," said a friend to us lately, in Killarney; "and we are going to do Mangerton to-day."

Take things easy. Let your holiday stand to you instead of apothecary's physic and doctor's bills. Remember you are laying up a stock of health and strength for another year. Do not come home with a fagged body, enervated by overwork, long walks, heavy climbing, and little rest. Short stages, with sufficient repose, and one or two hearty meals in the day—this is the true philosophy of holiday-making.

Cultivate the eye as you journey; cultivate the ear; store the memory with the recollection of things observed and felt, so that you may have lively impressions of your holiday for the rest of the year. How much pleasure did Wordsworth secure from the single remembrance of "a host of golden daffodils" seen once in his travels!

"I gazed and gazed, but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:  
For oft when on my couch I lie,  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude,  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils."

We have all need of *rest*. The physical worker needs to rest his body; the mental worker needs to rest his mind. The very institution of the Sabbath-day seems to suggest the holiday. In the mysterious language of Scripture, the Almighty Architect of the worlds "rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made." Our blessed Lord recognised the necessity of rest when he said to his disciples, "Come ye apart and rest awhile." And here we would say to our readers, make it a point to rest on Sundays. In the little secluded church hid away beneath the shadow of the lofty mountain, seek the presence of God. Worship will be all the sweeter because of the associations. When you bend your knee beneath the humble roof, you will feel that you are worshipping that great Being who has given you the evidences of his existence, power, and greatness in the sublime scenery with which you are surrounded.

Give rest to the *mind*. If your business requires severe mental toil during the year, put up in your knapsack some pleasant literature wherewith to while away an idle hour now and then. Let it be, if possible, a book suited to the scenes of your holiday.

We feel we would be failing in our duty to ourselves and our readers, if we did not say to them, above all books let THE BOOK find a corner in your knapsack, and take it out now and then and read a portion of it—a psalm amid the mountain solitudes, a chapter in the gospels of a Sunday evening. Let some message of comfort or exhortation find you morning by morning, ere you set out for a day of fresh enjoyment and recreation. And thus that highest portion of our being shall profit by our holiday. Determine not to return without some spiritual good, as well as some physical and intellectual good. Let those spiritual powers—

"That in the various bustle of resort,  
Were all too ruffled, and sometime impaired,"

be renewed. Take opportunity of some of the lonely hours, that, no doubt, will be yours through your coming holiday, of reviewing the past. Contemplate what progress you have made in your Christian course, what temptations you have grappled with and overcome. Commune with God in the mountain solitudes; acquire fresh spiritual strength; gain higher views of God's character, his power, love, grace; so shall you return from your holiday, renewed in body, mind, and spirit; with fresh zest for your duties, with pleasant memories of your five or six weeks' holiday, and with the bright anticipation, that if health and strength are spared you for another year, you will start off again "to fresh fields and pastures new," in search of change and recreation.





(Drawn by W. L. THOMAS.)

"I taught his lessons, and knew his pleasures."--p. 762.

## STRANGERS NOW.

**A**H me! at twilight I sit and ponder  
Over my path through the days gone by:  
I understand where I used to wonder,  
And sometimes smile where I used to sigh:  
If age knows so much that youth never guessed,  
In heaven we surely shall learn the rest!

Often and often, when days grow chilly,  
When dead leaves shiver and drop the while,  
I sit and think of my brother Willie,  
And then I sigh where I used to smile;  
For youth brings us gold, and we think it dross,  
But age must sit down and bewail its loss.

I carried Willie to mother dying;  
I took him to her when she was dead;  
I lifted him up, and soothed his crying,  
Missing her name from the prayers we said:  
I taught his lessons, and knew his pleasures,  
And kept his prizes among my treasures.

At last, when my head wouldn't reach his shoulder,  
Willie went out from our sheltered nest:  
And his open forehead grew broad and bolder,  
And his blue eyes flashed with a glad unrest:  
And my soul was filled with a yearning pity  
Over my brother in London city.

But my life grew out of its quiet story,  
And broke to melody quick and glad:  
So when Willie came in the sunset glory,  
Though he was touchingly grave and sad,  
I forgot to seek with a tender spell,  
To win the troubles he longed to tell.

Ah, me! but changes were coming slowly,  
A shadow dropping across the sun;  
And very soon it was darkness wholly,  
Near mother's grave was a newer one:  
The Lord had taken away my glory,  
And my life returned to its quiet story.

Then, oh for the love I had checked and chilled!  
But who can gather the faded flowers?  
And who can drink the wine that is spilled?  
And who can ransom the wasted hours?  
Once Willie had sought for my love in vain,  
And he never has turned to my heart again!

He's a little cold, but he's always kind:  
I see him, sometimes day after day,  
But his soul is ever concealed behind,  
And I know his life just as strangers may.  
If our mother's heaven we ever share,  
Will my Willie love me again up there?

I. FRYE.

## A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

MRS. BROOKLYN'S CONFIDENCES.

**C**OME, Mr. Sylvester, let us make ourselves as cosy and as comfortable as we can."

This speech was addressed to Raymond by Mrs. Brooklyn at the commencement of another tête-à-tête.

"It is such a long time since you have been to see me," continued she, plying her needle with great industry; "I began to think myself quite forsaken."

Raymond had before his mind, clearly enough, the thing which was appointed for him to do; and here might have been an excellent opening: but the words did not flow forth with the freedom that might have been expected.

"And how is dear Alice?" asked Mrs. Brooklyn, with a little gush.

"Quite well, I thank you." And then he remembered that the words were not strictly true. Alice was beginning to fade away, like a flower in the chill breeze of autumn.

His mind went back to her and to his mother. He could hear his mother's words repeated to him, again and again, ere he set out that morning:

"It is not a matter of months now, my son, but of days!"

Yet, with all these memories, and with this wealth

spread out before him, he was never further from his object than now.

An inward voice, which had haunted him all along, told him that the course he had been pursuing was unmanly and dishonourable. It hinted there was a better path, and a truer policy, to be carried out. And then there came a yearning desire to be free from these trammels, and a loathing of the whole system of the Sylvesters.

He had these moods often, though none knew it; and the struggle would be so great that the manacles which custom had forged were in danger of being broken.

"I am afraid you are out of spirits this morning," said Mrs. Brooklyn, noticing his abstraction.

"Oh, no—no!" said Raymond, making an attempt to rouse himself.

Yet something was amiss, and had been a long time—something grievously amiss.

Why was he sitting here, in idle ease, when the voice of Providence was calling to him from that golden field out yonder, and bidding him work while yet it was day? Might he not obey that voice, even though he were a Sylvester? Might he not, by these better means, call down a blessing on the doomed house to which he belonged?

"Everybody has troubles," began the widow, a moment after, in a little gush of confidence. "I

am sure, I have had my share. When I was a girl, no one knows what persecutions I went through!"

Raymond looked surprised, as well he might.

"Yes. Of course I don't say these things to everybody," and her work dropped on her lap, "but the fact is, I never should have married poor dear Brooklyn of my own accord."

"Indeed," said Raymond, more surprised than ever.

"I don't say them to everybody," repeated the widow, as if determined to impress the fact upon him. "All persons have not the delicate sympathy that you have; and it would be casting pearls before swine."

Raymond bowed politely. He could do no less.

"But I did not marry him," again began the widow, "poor dear Brooklyn I mean—I did not marry him for love."

She stopped and heaved a gentle sigh.

Raymond began to feel his embarrassment increase.

"Love, you know, Mr. Sylvester, is—is—in fact," added she, wiping her eyes, "I need hardly describe to you what love is."

Raymond was speechless.

"There was too great a difference in our ages to render such a union desirable," continued the widow, again wiping her eyes. "I did my duty to him, in spite of my trials and vexations; but all that has passed away like a dream!"

And then came another sentimental sigh.

Raymond marvelled to what all this tended. In his perplexity he raised his eyes to the spot where the portrait of the deceased Brooklyn used to look down from his place on the wall; but, to his amazement, Brooklyn was gone! And not only was Brooklyn gone, but a usurper had come into his place.

There was the bronzed, handsome face, and bold, mischievous eyes of Captain Jack—an individual of whose existence Raymond was as yet unconscious.

For a moment, the representative of the Sylvesters thought himself in a dream.

Mrs. Brooklyn saw the look, and it gave an impetus to her communications.

"I don't mind telling you, Mr. Sylvester," continued she, in the same confidential strain, "but long before I became acquainted with Brooklyn, I had a lover."

Raymond's gallantry here made him remark that he did not wonder at it.

The widow smiled, and shook her head, as if to deprecate the assertion.

"Yes, I had," continued she; "and he loved me—oh! I cannot describe to you—with a vehement gush, and a clasping of the hands—"I cannot describe to you, dear Mr. Sylvester, how he loved me!"

Raymond said there was no occasion. He could quite believe that such would be the case.

"And as for me," continued the widow, with increasing confidence, "I assure you, Mr. Sylvester, that but one person in the whole world has ever won my heart,—my real, entire heart—and that person is Captain Jack!"

Raymond had the greatest difficulty to keep from laughing.

"Captain Jack, the friend of my earliest years, my playmate, my companion, my associate in almost everything. He has come back from sea, you know," added she, with a suddenness that was quite startling.

"Indeed," said Raymond, beginning to feel the end of the clue.

"I thought he was dead. My poor, dear, darling Jack!" and the handkerchief was pressed to her eyes. "But he was not," added she, withdrawing it with great celerity, and nodding expressively at Raymond. "He was just as much alive as you are."

The clue began to get more palpable.

"He had gone abroad in despair, because I was not allowed to marry him; my friends did not appreciate his various excellences. But I am my own mistress now, and can do as I choose. Poor Jack!" And here came a sigh of extreme softness and sentiment.

Raymond ventured to ask if Captain Jack was in England.

"In England! I should think he is. He is at Brooklyn, in this very house!"

And the fact was proclaimed with great glee.

"Of course," continued the widow, looking down, and twisting the corner of her handkerchief, "I cannot help the disappointment that will, in fact, be felt. Dear Sir Hugh will take it very much to heart, I am sure; and there are others that I might name who will feel aggrieved. But I am not responsible for the views they may have entertained; I never gave them any encouragement—that I know of," added the widow, ending her sentence in rather an ignominious manner.

"Certainly not," said Raymond, cheerfully; it is astonishing how cheerful he felt. "And you must allow me to congratulate you very sincerely, and to wish you and Captain Jack every happiness."

"Thank you," replied the widow. But there was a touch of pique in her voice, too.

She was a good-natured woman on the whole; but she would have liked him to feel some little sting notwithstanding.

Soon after, Raymond took his leave; indeed, he had stayed too long already. And then he began to think of his mother. He was thinking of the wan, handsome face, and the eager eyes, and the desperate, actual strait to which he and his should be reduced, when, as he crossed the hall, the door opened, and an individual whom he had never seen before, sallied out.

This person was dressed in sailor's costume, and had a short pipe in his mouth, which he did not remove as he made the remark—

"So, I suppose, you are Mr. Sylvester."

Raymond bowed.

"And I—it is quite as well that you should know it—I am Captain Jack."

Raymond bowed again.

"An old lover of Alicia Pierpoint, and who intends to marry her as soon as he can."

"So I suppose," said Raymond, smiling. He did not feel the least inclination to quarrel with Captain Jack. "And I wish you all the happiness this world can give."

Captain Jack took his pipe from his mouth with one hand, and offered the other to Raymond.

"Thank ye. I thought there would be a jolly bit of a row between us two; but I see you're not a bad sort of fellow. Will you be friends?"

"With all my heart," said Raymond, laughing.

"That's right. Beautiful woman, isn't she?" And the pipe went into his mouth again.

"Very," said Raymond, walking towards the outer door of the mansion, and impatient to get home again.

"And as good as she is beautiful. Ah, sweet Alicia!" And he cast his eyes to the ceiling with a rhapsodic air.

They had now reached the outer door, and Raymond's horse was brought by a groom. In another minute he would be gone.

"I say," exclaimed Captain Jack, laying his hand on Raymond's arm, "don't you be downhearted, now, about Alicia."

"It would not be of much use if I were," replied Raymond, trying to speak gravely; "no rival would stand a chance against you, Captain Jack."

"Thank ye," replied Captain Jack, touching his cap; "you are a sensible fellow, Mr. Sylvester."

Raymond laughed. Then he wished Captain Jack good morning, and rode away, leaving him absolute master of the field.

#### CHAPTER XLVII.

##### "NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

"Now," said the inward voice, getting stronger and louder, "now is your time to cast off your old shackles, and begin life afresh."

"Yes," replied Raymond debating the matter in his own mind, and responding more and more to the inward monitor, "I would gladly begin life afresh. My life, such as it has been, stares me in the face, as a thing to be ashamed of. But how to begin?" And the future, with all its complications, met him, like an enigma to be solved.

"How to begin; and is it not too late?"

"Never too late to mend!" was the familiar phrase prompted by conscience.

Never too late to mend!

Other men had toiled up as steep a difficulty. He could think of some, at this moment—men who had overcome, at last—not by sitting in slothful ease—but by that mighty agent, *industry*.

*Industry* was not an attribute much prized by the Sylvesters. But how noble it was! What a precedence it took by ancient right! "If a man will not work, neither let him eat," was the inspired assertion of an apostle.

"Well, then! he would begin at once. In the face of the dangers that threatened him; in the face of poverty, and ruin, and disgrace—he would enlist under the banners of *Industry*."

This resolution was not so sudden as it seems. It had gradually been ripening into purpose, though no one knew it.

The failure of the Brooklyn enterprise was like some friendly hand that snapped his bonds asunder.

As he drew near the house, he saw a figure in the distance. His heart beat quickly. He guessed, by a kind of intuition, that it was his mother. He could see her quite plainly, now, and he knew that anxiety had led her to come. Tears sprang to his eyes. He was full of loving pity for the proud, cold woman whom many avoided with fear and dislike. If all forsook her, he would not. Yet he was about to shake off allegiance to her creed!

When he came close to her, he was shocked at her appearance. Dark circles were round her eyes. Her face was unnaturally pale. She looked as if she could neither eat, nor sleep, for the anxiety that consumed her.

"Well," said she, trying to speak with her usual self-possession, "is it good news, Raymond?"

"It is not quite as you hoped, dear mother," replied he, soothingly, and taking her hand.

"What!" and she drew away her hand with a quick gesture; "what! not as I hoped? Have you not been to Brooklyn?"

"Yes, mother, I have been to Brooklyn."

He was walking beside her; his horse's bridle over his arm.

"And were you too late? You have been half-hearted, Raymond," said she, reproachfully. "You thought the sacrifice too great! You, who should have shrunk from no alternative, have failed me."

"I will never fail you, mother, God helping me!" said Raymond, with great tenderness.

"Then why have you come back without bringing a hope of succour? when the old house totters to its fall—when it may be too late to-morrow!" And she burst into a flood of passionate tears.

He had never seen her so moved before. His heart was full of sorrow, not regret. Be things as they might, he could not entertain a particle of regret.

He knew she would not regard the matter in the light in which he did. What he considered the depth of degradation, she looked upon as an act of virtue. It was useless to argue in that direction. But he must offer some explanation. He must make some reply to the questions she heaped upon him. And he told her he had a rival.

"Rival!" and she caught angrily at the word. "What rival could stand before my son—and a Sylvester?"

Raymond, even at this distressing moment, could scarcely suppress a smile as he thought of Captain Jack.

He told his mother that it would have been a useless humiliation to press his suit on Mrs. Brooklyn, under the circumstances; and he hinted what those circumstances were.

Still, she was not pacified. She told him he had too much at stake to be easily discouraged; and she said that, "even now—"

But he cut her short. He said she must banish that thought from her mind for ever. And, as he said it, his mouth was set like iron.

She did not speak for a few moments. Once she looked up at the old house. It was a look that



touched him to the heart. He could scarcely bear it. But he did not retract. He never would.

"Then we are lost!" she said, at length.

They had entered the house by now, and were in her private room. He had placed her a chair, and taken her shawl from her. Never had his manner been more respectful, or more tender.

"All is not lost," he said, "if we meet the evil patiently, and bear the punishment of our misdeeds."

Here he spoke in obedience to the inward voice. Then he told her what he intended to do. He said he had long felt a secret shame and sorrow at the course he was pursuing—a course unwise, and, if he might use the word, *dishonest*.

She started; but he went on without regarding her. He knew the remedy had come too late to avert the evils of the past. He told her of families, ancient and honourable as their own, who had guarded against the possibility of such evils, by the practice of *industry*. Homely words in the ears of Lady Sylvester.

Other men, he told her, had risen from the lowest ranks, and taken the first places in the land—all by the means of industry.

Industry was the ladder by which to climb to fortune; the weapon by which to subdue adversity. Industry brought peace, and honour, and independence. It was the very foundation of a nation's greatness.

Raymond's speech was eloquent, but it failed to meet the approbation of his mother. Such sentiments were in direct opposition to her creed. Long before he finished, she had arrayed herself against him with all her might. She would not have the family disgraced, she said, under her very eyes. If he chose to forfeit his birthright, and lose his position, he should do so at a distance. And the tie between mother and son, which no adversity could sever, seemed in danger of a rupture.

He told her he had resolved to carry out his plan—obtain, in fact, employment; only that he forbore to use the word. His object in remaining on the spot would be to afford to his mother and his sister all the comfort and protection in his power. He would get the means, he said, of building up a new home when this should fail them. It was simply right and honourable for him to do so; base and dishonourable to sit with folded hands, and let the ruin do its worst.

She did not think so. Certain ways of conduct were required of persons in their position. When had he ever heard of a Sylvester working for his bread? And she laughed scornfully.

He was silent, but not convinced. He meant for the future to earn his bread; and no one should prevent him!

#### CHAPTER XLVIII.

##### DAME HUMPHREYS HEARS THE NEWS.

DAME HUMPHREYS was not a woman who took things greatly to heart. When Rachel was gone, she began to argue with herself that, after all, there might not

be so very much the matter. John was "put about"—this was her expression—and he might have gone on some business concerning the bond, and not have been able to get back as he expected.

Rachel was easily alarmed, poor thing. She hadn't the presence of mind that *she* had—meaning *herself*—Dame Humphreys.

Comforted by these reflections, the old lady sat down to her morning's cup of tea. She tried to convince herself that, by this time, John would have come back, and that he and Rachel might be breakfasting together at the farm, and talking over the night's panic. She thought Rachel would be sure to send down a messenger, and let her know that it was so.

But no messenger came; and, in spite of her philosophy, Dame Humphreys began to be uneasy. In fact, when an hour had passed, and still no tidings were sent her, she trotted up-stairs, put on her bonnet, and set off for the farm.

She had scarce reached the end of the street, when the ill news, that flies apace, met her. One of her favourite gossips, Betsy Pryor by name, was carrying it in hot haste, and with considerable additions of her own.

"Ah, poor Mrs. Humphreys! And how do you do?" was the opening salutation of this individual.

"Very well, thank you, Mrs. Pryor. Pray have you seen John?" for if John was anywhere in that neighbourhood, he was not likely to escape the prying eyes of Betsy.

"No, indeed! I haven't; and a good thing too," replied Mrs. Pryor, mysteriously. She was bursting to tell; and yet she did not want to frighten the old woman quite to death.

"Why is it a good thing, pray?" asked Dame Humphreys, sharply.

"Because he's every reason to keep out of folks' way, seeing what a dreadful thing has happened," replied Betsy Pryor.

"Oh, Betsy! for the love of Heaven do speak out!" cried poor Dame Humphreys, terribly alarmed.

"You haven't heard, then. Well, I'm sure I'm very sorry; but it's the talk of the town by now, and no help for it. They say he's killed old Isaacs!"

"Killed! My John!—my own boy!" gasped Dame Humphreys, as pale as death.

"Well, he mayn't be dead; and, now I come to think of it, he isn't quite. But John hit him so hard, that he isn't likely to get over it. They say his head—"

"Oh, hush—hush! I won't hear it. I can't believe it," shuddered Dame Humphreys, stopping her ears; "it isn't true!"

"I am afraid it is, Mrs. Humphreys. You see, John left him for dead; but, as soon as he could speak, he sent for the police, and told 'em who did it, and set 'em on hard and fast. John's sure to be took, if he hasn't got out of the country."

"Oh, my son!—my son!" cried the poor old woman, in a tone of deep affliction.

"It's very bad, I know," said Betsy Pryor; "and I

was just a-coming to tell you. Now, shall I step up and tell Rachel?"

"Oh, no—no! I am going to Rachel." And, for the first time, a tide of real womanly sympathy set in towards the "girl" whom John had chosen to marry.

How should she be able to break the dreadful news to Rachel?

Trembling all over with agitation, she hurried on as fast as her limbs could carry her. All she thought of at this moment was Rachel.

When she reached the house, at the first sound of her footsteps, out came Rachel. Her face had in it all the misery of hope deferred.

"No, my deary, it's only me," said the old woman, sorrowfully. Her tone of voice was kinder than it had ever been to Rachel.

"Oh, mother—mother! he is not come!" cried Rachel, in a kind of despair.

"I know—I know! but I've got tidings. Now, sit ye down, and don't ye tremble so. There's a good God above us," said Dame Humphreys, solemnly, "and I'll hold ye hand, and just tell ye all about it."

Rachel sat down. Her face was very white, and she shook like an aspen-leaf. But she shook still more when Dame Humphreys told her.

She told her as gently as she could; but such an ugly fact did not admit of much disguise. John had, to say the least of it, committed a crime that might be his ruin.

"I don't doubt but he was provoked into it," said Dame Humphreys, endeavouring to extenuate his guilt as much as she could; "and happen he did not mean to hurt the man; but, you see, his passion was up, and the thing was done in a moment, and couldn't be called back again. That's where it is, Rachel."

Rachel did not speak. She had turned her face away, and hidden it with her hands.

Dame Humphreys thought she would give her a little time to recover. It was no good saying anything, she argued. And there was plenty to be done. Rachel, she dare say, hadn't had bit or drop, and the kettle did not boil. A cup of tea was a great

panacea for human woe, in Dame Humphreys' opinion; and she set to work to get it. When the kettle boiled, and the tea was made and poured out, she said—for Rachel still sat motionless—"Come, my deary, try and drink a cup. It will do your poor head good."

Rachel withdrew her hands from her face. Oh! what a sorrow-stricken face it was!

"I cannot, mother"—it seemed a comfort to her to use the word—"I cannot, till I know—"

She shuddered. Dame Humphreys guessed what she meant.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Rachel: I'll just send Jim down the town, and he shall bring us word."

"Oh, yes—yes!"

She spoke with a feverish anxiety. Dame Humphreys again guessed the depth of her anxiety. It was lest Isaacs should be dead.

While Jim was gone, the tea remained untasted, in spite of all that Dame Humphreys could do. Once Rachel put the cup to her lips, but she could not swallow. "My throat seems closed up," she said. Then she went down the field to watch for the lad's return.

At length a speck in the distance gave hope that the messenger was coming. Rachel laid her hand on her heart. Even when he was near enough she could not ask him. Her pale lips refused to form the words. It was like the sun shining from behind a cloud, when the lad's cheery voice said, "All right, missis, don't ye put yourself about. He aint got half his deserts!" Rachel burst into an hysterical cry.

"I'd have licked him right enough, I know," exclaimed the redoubtable Jim, "if it had been me. But poor master's so tender like, he wouldn't hurt a fly."

"Then it is not so bad! Oh, thank God for it!" cried the poor wife, still weeping hysterically.

"Bad! I should think it isn't. You see, he were stunned like, that was all. But there aint a better man in the country nor master!" exclaimed Jim, conclusively.

(To be continued.)

## "FALLEN THROUGH A ROCK."

### PART II.

**I**OW long Edward slept he never knew; but when he awoke all was dark and silent around. He was some time collecting his scattered senses, for all that had occurred on the previous day seemed like a fearful dream. At length he became fully conscious of the horrors of his situation, and all the preceding events flashed vividly before his memory. He sat up and tried to listen, but could only hear the sullen dash of the waves against the foot of the cliffs. There were no sounds of human life in that dense darkness in which he was involved; all was silent as the grave. He would have been thankful now to hear the tones of those harsh and savage voices,

which had frightened him so much the night before; but, alas! he was left alone to perish in this "living tomb."

Oh, what would his father and mother think, if they knew the situation of their child! They were not far away, and yet would never know of his miserable fate. He lay for a long time indulging these sad thoughts, until he became conscious of a feeling of hunger, and took courage to rise, and cautiously feel about, in the hope of finding some remnants of the supper he had seen the men partake of the night before; but in vain; he could not discover anything with which to relieve his hunger, and sank down where he stood in helpless despair.

A long time passed away, during which he fell into



a quiet, dreamy state of half-consciousness, from which he was roused by hearing a step approach;—yes, most certainly, a human footstep! He heard it distinctly, though he could not imagine how any one had entered his gloomy prison.

A new terror now assailed him, even worse than solitude, for he feared one of the savage beings into whose hands he had fallen had returned, perhaps unknown to the others, to murder him. Then, with a sudden feeling of joy, he fancied his father had discovered the secret passage, and was come to rescue him. This hope was speedily dissipated by hearing a strange voice call, "Boy, where are you?" He was afraid to reply, and lay quite still, but for the beating of his heart. Again the words were repeated. The tones were rough and harsh, yet there was a rugged kindness in them which somewhat allayed his fears, and he was encouraged to answer, though timidly, "I am here."

Guided by the sound of his voice, the man approached and placed a piece of bread in the boy's hand, which he ate eagerly.

"Now, come along," said the stranger, as he took him by the arm and led him a little way, until they came to what Edward supposed to be a narrow passage through the rock. Then there was a turning and a gleam of light—how welcome to his eyes, so long accustomed to the dreary darkness of the cave! A little further on, the light increased so much that he could see his companion's face, and recognised him as the man who had caught him in his arms when he fell the night before, and whom the other smugglers had addressed as "Bill." At last they stood on the verge of the cliff, upon a narrow ledge of rock. Edward's head swam as he gazed down the dizzy height; but he caught a glimpse of a boat beneath, as if waiting for them. "Now, my lad, look sharp!" said his conductor, pointing to the rope ladder he had just thrown over the edge, and the end of which was caught by the men below. He assisted Edward fairly to place his feet on the rounds; afterwards he had little difficulty in descending to the boat. Bill then hauled up the ladder, and having hid it away, he slipped a loop of rope over a projecting point of rock, and letting the end trail in the water, slid gently down, and rejoined his companions: they jerked the rope off the ledge, and rowed away. After pulling for a considerable time in silence, they came in sight of a large lugger, lying close in to the shore.

"Now, my boy," said Bill, "I have saved your life. I'm not very particular about most things, but somehow I didn't like the notion of a young fellow like you being left by yourself to starve in that black trap you managed to get into. I don't rightly know why I thought so much about it, unless it's because I caught you coming down; or may be it's that I have a son myself something about your size. However, I got round the captain, to take you on board; so you must come with us now, and make yourself useful."

Edward burst into tears. The prospect of having to go with these bad men, away from his home and friends, perhaps for ever, seemed to him almost as dreadful as death. He looked up imploringly in Bill's face.

"And will you not let me go back to my father, and mother, and little sister? they will all be so unhappy about me. Oh, I cannot live among those dreadful men who wanted to kill me! Let me go home, and I will never tell about the cave or where I have been—I will not, indeed, I promise; and I always keep my word. Oh! pray do let me."

"No, no, my boy; that won't do, so say no more about it. Trouble enough I had to save your life. It's better to be on board with us than starving in that black hole I took you from, isn't it? Be thankful for what I have done for you, and never let me hear a word more out of your mouth about going home. When we get to the other side of the water you shall stay with my wife and boy, and that will be the home you'll have; you'll be well off, and I'll teach you two boys to be sailors."

By this time they had reached the smugglers' vessel. They got on board, and Edward's fate was sealed. Poor child! he was very unhappy, and met with much harsh and savage treatment during the voyage, though Bill often stood his friend, and saved him as much as was in his power from abuse and ill-treatment.

The next three years of his life were spent with Bill's wife and son. He was made useful to them in every way possible for a boy of his age, and met but little kindness, except during the short visits Bill paid his family. Being of a robust and healthy constitution, he endured the many hardships to which he was subjected tolerably well; but his only pleasure was to wander off alone, when his work was done, to think of his distant home, and form plans of escape, to be put into execution when he grew older. This hope it was which enabled him to bear up under his present lot.

The time had now arrived when Bill considered the two boys sufficiently grown to be taken on the next voyage "to learn their business," as he said. Edward was not sorry to quit his present abode; he had a vague idea that any change of place might possibly lead to some opportunity of escape; but soon found that he was not allowed to quit the vessel on any occasion, and his life was so much harder, that he frequently wished himself back in the cottage of Bill's wife.

He made several voyages during the next two years, and twice returned to his native shore, though never permitted to land. On the third occasion, just six years from the time he had been carried off, the smugglers' craft again cast anchor in her usual place, and a boat's load of goods was sent to be stowed away in the old cave, which had still remained undiscovered.

Edward being now strong enough for hard work, went with two of the crew to assist in packing the goods inside the cavern: another party were to

remove the great stone from the top, and let the bales down by ropes to those within. When all had been lowered, the men agreed to go back to the vessel for another boat's load; but as there still remained much piling and arranging to be done, in order to make room for the rest, they left Edward to work during their absence, taking with them the boat, so as to render escape in this way impossible. They did not replace the stone, but hauled up the rope, and laid a few branches over the opening, according to the old plan, until they should return. Edward continued his occupation diligently by the light of a lamp always used on such occasions. The men were several hours away; but when he had arranged all as directed, he sat down and fell into a train of sad thought. He pictured to his mind all the misery he had endured just six years ago in the same place—his narrow escape of a dreadful death, and all the trials and hardships to which he had since been subjected. Then his thoughts naturally reverted to his family; he wondered what changes those years had brought to those he loved, and how much little Helen must be now grown, if she still lived.

For a short time we must leave Edward to his mournful meditations, and return to the objects of his anxiety. Six years had, indeed, made some change in his parents, they looked older and more careworn; the loss of their only son was a trial not easily forgotten. Helen had grown a tall girl of twelve, little altered otherwise, still bright and lively as when she was the laughing child her absent brother so often pictured to his imagination. They had resumed the custom of passing part of the summer at the seaside, which had been given up for a year or two after Edward's disappearance. It was the sixth year now, and the very season of his mysterious loss, when one lovely summer evening Helen and her father set out for a walk among the rocks. The sun had set, and it was beginning to grow dusk, when she suddenly exclaimed—

"Papa! there is the very place, I know it so well, for I have seen it in my dreams!"

"What place, dear?"

"Oh! the place where Edward fell; do you not see the branches lying over it to conceal the hole, as I told you long ago? But why have I never seen it since, often as I have been here? Papa, I dreamed the other night that our dear Edward was in that rock still. Shall we try?"

"You know, Helen, that would be impossible; but we will examine the place."

They advanced cautiously, and pulled away with some difficulty the branches laid over the mouth of the orifice. As they looked down, they thought they could perceive a gleam of light in the hollow rocks. Was it imagination, or did they hear a rustling sound, as of some one moving beneath? Helen's father motioned her back, as she tried to stoop forward, for the idea occurred to him that it might be a hiding-place for smugglers, who were supposed

to infest that part of the coast; but an irresistible impulse forced her to call out—

"Edward, Edward, are you there?"

"Yes," answered a voice out of the depths of the rock. "Who are you who calls my name?"

"Helen, your own Helen, and our father is here also. Oh, come up to us!"

"Alas! I cannot," replied the voice. "I am in the power of smugglers; they have taken their boat, and left me no chance of escape."

"I shall call help to get you out," said his father, now speaking for the first time; for he was so bewildered by the sudden joy of finding that his son still lived, he could not think of anything else.

"Do not go, father," replied Edward; "it will be too late when you return, the men are coming back soon; they will take me to their ship; now is my only chance. I will try and make a high pile of boxes on which to stand; if we had a rope, you might draw me up; perhaps they have left one there by mistake. Look."

"Yes," said Ellen, "here is one, fastened firmly to the side of the hole, it was hidden among the branches."

"I remember," he answered, "I saw them haul it up, that it might be out of my reach. Now, fling the end down."

In breathless haste they did as he desired. He seized it frantically, as a drowning man grasps his only hope of escape, and was drawn by his father's strong arm in safety to the top. Once more he stood a free boy on his native land.

By what means the smugglers supposed he had effected his escape, we know not; but so much did they dread detection after this time that, though they still continued to visit the coast, they were obliged to give up the use of their favourite and most secure hiding-place.

We may be sure that Edward, his father, and Helen lost no time in making their way to his uncle's house. And who can describe the delight of that happy meeting; the joyful surprise to his mother, as she clasped to her heart the dear one she had so long mourned as dead? And who can describe, also, the air of happy triumph with which Helen said, as she held her restored brother's hand—

"Did I not tell you, six years ago, that he had fallen through a rock? and from that very rock we have now drawn him. Surely, papa, God was very good to have guided our steps there this evening, and at the only time it was possible dear Edward could have been released from the smugglers' cave."

#### SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

ONE SLAIN UPON A ROCK OF THE SAME NAME AS HIMSELF.

1. Another name for Hosea.
2. The father of Hadadezer.
3. A stone of help.
4. One who showed kindness to David at Mahanaim.